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village

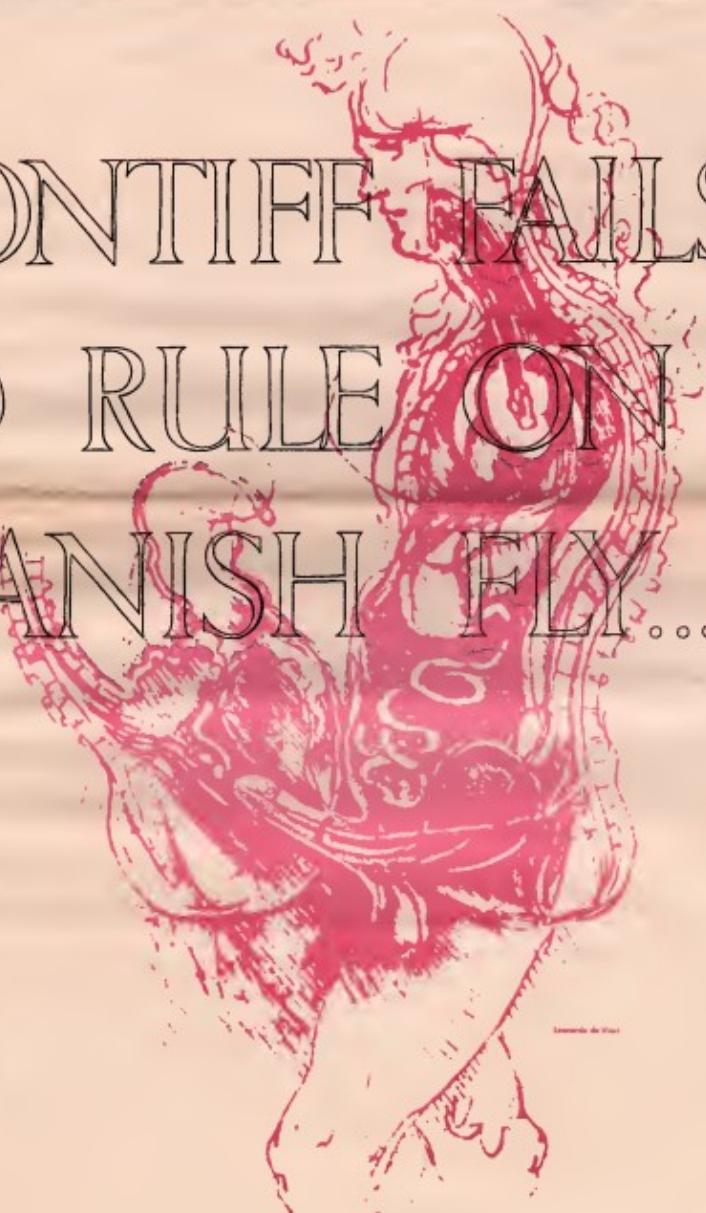
OTHER

VOL. 3, NO. 35

METROPOLITAN 15¢

AUGUST 2, 1968

PONTIFF FAILS
TO RULE ON
SPANISH FLY . . .



Lemire de Vinc

SPACE SIGNALS

by Stanley Fisher



The day started like most others, but July 22nd, 1964 was to be somewhat different; it was to be a day of revelations: a psychedelic PowWow!, a sunbathing fest in synchronicity, in the depths and heights of the awesome arena! The events unfolded for me in this manner: Early that morning, I was scanning an article in the times condemning the Greek military autocracy. I noted a picture of an American jet, the Freedom fighter, being loaded for shipment to Greece. The number name of the jet, the F-5, struck a responsive chord in my memory. At that very moment, the words Fifth Dimension came across my FM loud speaker, uttered by the WNEW diajokes.

Synchronicity struck its first glint that day! I smiled and remembered the first time I associated the synchronicity phenomena with the enigmatic smile of Mona Lisa, which I realized was saying, "Oh, so you've tuned in too, finally!" The name Mona Lisa itself, I discovered, is a veil which becomes the truth when lifted by the right hand.

But back to the cosmic correspondences: In my article on the F-111A I noted that the Air Force F stands for an unconscious desire by the military masters for mastery of the fifth dimension, and that, in my article, *The Numerological Analysis of Space Signals* (Pulsars), I suggested that the last number in Pulsar's repetition rate, being 5, indicated a mastery of that dimension by those who were our cosmological masters. Now, here lying before me, was the picture of an instrument of destruction, ironically and perhaps aptly, called the Freedom Fighter, and dubbed, by the military magicians, in their black abracadabras, the F-5, attempting, by this synchronous identification of the plane with the higher powers, to attain the cloak of indestructibility.

And, at that moment, I also recalled that my girlfriend had mentioned to me, the day before, that the number five had always made her think of the color red. We had gotten on to the solar-number kick because up until recently, I had never been able quite to figure out the hidden meaning behind my army serial number—at least not until the death by Robert Kennedy by a 22 caliber bullet. It was that I began to study the influence of that master number (32) upon contemporary events. My army serial number was 3224 2024. Up until that time the number 18 turned up ubiquitously in my experiences.

But back to my girlfriend and that morning. After having heard that my army serial number was 1224 1024, she said that 1's and 2's always remind her of the colors yellow and white. Then, peripherally, she said, but now comes the color red to mind. Having recalled her comparison that morning between red and the number five, and five and the fifth dimension, and the fifth dimension and the F-5, I suddenly remembered that the science fiction film, *The Red Planet Mars*, was being shown that morning, on all channels, channel 5, of course! (Here's a mind blower: From a book called *Riddles of Astrology*, by Bender:

"Eros revolves in solitary splendor in a different realm that is 6% per cent within the orbit of Mars. In fact, it revolves around the sun in 445 days, less than the Martian year of 687 days. That it is technically the fourth planet, shifting Mars to fifth place, is a fact astronomers conveniently ignore, not wanting to completely revise the present model of the Solar System for such a tiny body.") Anyway, by the time I tuned in, most of the film had been shown, but the plot, in essentials, concerned itself with a somewhat idealized couple who had sought and received interstellar radio messages from the red planet Mars, who used the information in the messages to bring peace and understanding to their fractious brethren.

I could not help but identify with this couple's struggle for I am convinced that the pulsars contain messages which if understood would help mankind use its latent cosmic powers for peaceful purposes. Seeing the film, I noted that July 22nd, had already indicated my acknowledgement of my struggle and I looked forward to further dimensions which I hoped would turn up in the course of the day's events.

A phone call ended an upbeat, "Would I please come to pick up my rejected manuscript?" On the station, I noticed a fly sheet: I read it Smack in the middle, in bold capitals: ANNUAL POWWOW, Saturday-Sunday, August 10 and 11, Barryville New York, Route

55. Tribal dances—Arts and Crafts. Museum Books 55, I thought, too much? and POW! WOW! the sounds we utter when stricken on synchronicity. The Indians certainly knew the names of wonderment: Hey! Wow! Hey! Dig that! Dig this! Hey, let's have a puff and a Powwow! A Yowow! A Yowee! A Jewish: A Yahoo! A yoway: A hooyay: An ourway: HighWAY . . . 55! AND how do we get on to highway 55 through a tribal (b), of course! Tri-trinity: tri-tri, try what? Try balling! Try-tri-belling. The triinity leads to infinity! And how do you get to the triinity of threesomes (sums)? Simple! You drop the e's from sierinity: cTRI-NITY! And what do the e's stand for: ages? The double age(s) of a couple which have to vanish in the loving triinity of a THIRBall. And what does the double e in numbers look like: 55, of course! I knew I was on the right route! rest!

Later that day, and I don't remember the sequence of events which led me to this decision, I decided to have another look at the article describing a newly discovered Pulsar signal. The pulsar described in the article's article was the first discovered by Americans: two scientists both of the Harvard College Observatory; all four others were found in quick succession a year ago by the British. That the newly discovered Pulsar was the fifth seemed appropriate and it was even more startling to find out that its celestial coordinates were described as 15 hours 5 minutes right ascension, 55.5 degrees north declination. It was soon after, that I read that Eve was designated as numerologically 555. For E-5 and V is not only the 22nd number of our alphabet, but it is the fifth if we count backwards, starting from X. And the three faces of Eve add to 15, which are the first two numbers of Pulsar 5, designated by the Harvard bureaucracy as HP 1506. So the gassy meaning behind that sober collection of letters and numbers really is Eve (15 and 555) is big (HP) T0(0) sex (6).

The radio pulses of HP 1506 occur at the precise rate of once every 0.7999 seconds. Transposing 1506 of the numbers into letters, 5559 becomes OGCG—which may mean that it will be later. Earlier in my investigation I discovered that the sum of the four Pulsar repetition rates squared, 111, 22, 33, and 44, summed up doesn't bother to add the sum of Pulsar 5 (25) to the number 111. Instead I tried adding the numbers representing the amount of time each pulsar impulse lasts. Pulsar 5 falls within the range of the four others, 30,000 of a second. Dropping the thousands, Pulsar 1-38, Pulsar 3-38, Pulsar 3-18, Pulsar 4-65 and Pulsar 5-26. The sum of the five numbers equals 154. I immediately thought of subtracting the number of the Holy Trinity, 111, from the total. The result was 45.

Oh, yes, I thought, my girlfriend spoke of that number the other day, so I asked her if she recalled the incident. She had! 45, she said, is the 22nd odd number. Pow! And then she asked: "What did you say was the sum of the five numbers?" I answered: 154 and her reply: "Don't you know that 7 times 22 equals 154?" And that today is 7/22 (July 22nd)!! Wow! And then again: "Do you remember how old you are at your last birthday (July 22d)?" I remembered: 43! PowWow! It was only a day or two later when I remembered that P, that perplexing transcendental fraction, has often been expressed as the improper fraction 22/7!

My girlfriend, pleasantly amused at my not having remembered that I had just turned 43, said, "Well, you're still in the prime of your life!" For those who have forgotten, the definition of a prime, is to simply a number that can be divided without a remainder only by itself or the number one. Prime is the pettiness of mathematics. Well, 7 is the 14th prime number, and 14 is the sum of two 7's. 7 is 4% fit very snugly with my army serial number: 1224 1024. Each half adds up to seven and the total is 14. We know that 7 times 22=154, and that means 14 times 11 equals 154. My age of 43 yields 7, my army serial number adds up to the sum of two 7's, 17, as the product of 7 and 11 and 7 and 1 add up to my self-styled lucky number 18. It seems that one cannot escape the feeling that the number 7 is the key in the understanding of the spirit; the ancients called it the perfect spiritual number, the only number capable of dividing the "number of eternity." Seven youths and seven maidens were sent as tribute to Minos every seven years. We have the seven days of the week; the seven harmonies in music; the seven primary col-

ours, the seven seals, the seven deadly sins, the seven joys of the Virgin Mary, the seven deadly sins of Magdalene, the seven creative planets, the seven Archangels of Revelation and the information that, "For seven days priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho, and on the seventh day they encompassed the city seven times." Yes, seven is an odd number and so is eleven, even though they both contain the word even!

But now back to our space signal, Pulsar 5. We remember its repetition rate: 0.7997. Now, let's see. Two sevens. Hmmm. Interesting or just coincidence. Well . . . let's see. I have a book in hand. It's called, *From Zero to Infinity*. I have the book opened to page 35, (and the numbers from 1 through 25 can be placed in a magic square so that the sum of all the columns add to 111), and the information on that page relates to the number 111 in base two, which is 7, in base 10, where 111 are one hundred and eleven, and base sixteen where its numerical value is 273. Now I read 273 as an injunction to read the number 111 two ways: as 75 and also as 37. To my delight, I then realized that 75 is the 37th odd number. Of course, we must not forget that 57 times 3 equals 111. Num. 37 is the 12th prime and 73 is the 21st prime number. By adding 32 and 21 we get 53, and 53 rotated and rotated to the horizontal yields the symbol for infinity (00). 33 is also the Master degree because the sum of all the numbers from 1 to 33 inclusive yields 561 and 561 times 561 minus 561 gives us the pietro number 334360. There are 33 courses or steps designed into the bovine shape of the so-called "Treasury" of the Atrium in Mycenae, Greece, which indicates that it was designed to be a repository of esoteric law and of spiritual treasure. Of course, the root word of Mycenae indicates that it was probably a sacred temple of fungous or mushroom eaters.

As for 57, it is the 22nd prime number and is exactly 14 less than 111. 111 read backwards is 79 and 79 is the 22nd prime number. Adding 25 and 22 yields 47 which is the strobic number for the element Silver. The strobis of silver will neither fuse nor fission, which leads George Gamow, in his book, *One, Two, Three . . . Infinity*, (which is a real gauntlet when related to my expression, "The Trinity (Tri-balling) leads to infinity") to note, that, "We live in a world in which practically every object, except a silver dollar, is a potential nuclear explosive." Will that bit of information help the harassed officials of Ayer's? And in the face of daily reports of Glycine saucer incursions and landings, sole: Why here? It's all very spooky. And perhaps that explains why the United States government the AC-47 has been dubbed the "Spooky."

And now to 79. We hold on to your hat, for 79 is the atomic number for the element Gold. And the symbol for Gold is the designation Au. And as adds up to 22. Now? A-1 and U-21. That's how! Is there anything else we can do with 79? Let's try extracting 27 from it. What do we get? 42. Now what about 42? Well, Robert Kennedy died at the age of 43, and Sirhan Sirhan is 24. Well here's an article dated the 24th of July and it has 42 letters in its bold headline caption: "SUSPECT IN CLEVELAND SNIPING SAWS BROTHER IN STARBS." The article continues: "Staff, with the Cleveland Black Nationalistic Leader Fred Ahmed Evans. We note that he is 36 years old. And what is the sum of the numbers from 1 to 36 inclusive? Why none other than 665, the number for man, the beast. Remember the number 37? Well 37 times 18 (half of 35) equals 686. We also know that 8 times 37 equals 111. The number of the Holy Trinity. And as what junction of streets was Fred Ahmed Evans' store located? Why . . . none other than Superior and 111th Street. And what experience was crucial in turning Mr. Evans onto the study of astrology . . . Why nothing less than a flying saucer sighting while driving one night with his gal friend. And does our 22nd prime number, 79, show up anywhere in this article? Yes, it does, at the penultimate paragraph of that article!

It was believed that Evans was the leader of a group called the circle Afro-American Unity. The circumference of any circle, we know, can be expressed by the formula πr^2 , thought by some ancients to be the fraction 22/7, times the diameter. In this case, the diameter stretches between the Alpha and Omega of existence, and can perhaps only be circum-

(Continued on Page 19)



Where it's at!

WOODSTOCK '68

by Abolafia

It all started in Woodstock; at least that's where it is now! Dylan moved there five years ago. His wife will meet you at the door with her shogun. I brought my guitar down there — the man who came to talk split the fucking N.Y. smoke scene and got some pure O! — they ganged up on me with love up there!

That which I thought would be a scene, like "The

Fire Island Scene" wasn't! At least that's where my head sees it at right now. Pure love reigns. Beautiful swimming holes — "the Big Dog," "Shaggy," "The Geep" (complete with water falls). It even sounds beautiful. There's nude swimming — if the feds don't beat you back to nature. Love and camping out.

And in town I see me at St. Mark's Place. They congregate and do the whole freakout spectacle and honestly speaking it's like beeey — love and the whole of what the old movement was! Complete with the spiritual — love — and the return of last last year (the first) Big Easter Bonde — Showbiz commercial trips. The whole internal exploration for information and knowledge thingamajig. The only thing missing is the provincial swami and the hawking up soon. Maybe Bachdheads — you know — some one beautiful like that.

Anyway it's all there for the asking and the taking. The California scene has now moved via New York to the mountains and Woodstock. Unlike the old artie colony that it was, Woodstock (100 miles up on the thru-way, Kingston end) — you can usually hitch up and hawk or pay the \$10 bus fare right to the heart of town—it's worth it is the new center of Godland in eschaton.

I started my excursions to this what I consider the new Holy Land several weekend ago and have left my workers behind to continue the Love Camping and assist and assisted runaway and their parents while I've gone to seek out pray, rap and generally drink of the spirit of the Big Dog. A good feeling of health and rejuvenation has been mine and I'm now sure that with the help of Wallace, Reagan, Humphrey and Nixon (all showing their incompetent poverty stricken asses) I will win the '68 election for President on a massive write-in vote.

The cops are really the greatest of all possible. There are handles at times up in Woodstock so I'm

not suggesting a sabbatical to the hills unless you are ultra-honest and can handle it. But while all the woodie "hippie" types from Friday's and Macmillane Place (you know, the uprooted ones!) with their \$5-100 L.Q.s are making Fire Island and South-East and West Hampshire in search of the DeKeezing's balls pseudo art scene—in search of a Jewish paradise on earth—I suggest you risk it and go to Woodstock.

For you maoists, I suggest you bring your 1968 bag of brown rice up with you and your dried fruit and granola kind of meal—your dried fruits, peach grapes—they even lost the flies away. All this was mine. And they left me in my moment of enhanced bliss to think on the problems of the world and come up with the answer! For the burden of responsibility lay on my shoulders and years—but never on theirs. Remember that! And what better place to meditate? Their love was mine—gently. What a pleasure to be!

Lolita and Candy greeted me with loving smiles, brought me into the woods of the Woodstock forest, pointed me to the most recently exploded site, peach grapes—they even lost the flies away. All this was mine. And they left me in my moment of enhanced bliss to think on the problems of the world and come up with the answer! For the burden of responsibility lay on my shoulders and years—but never on theirs. Remember that! And what better place to meditate? Their love was mine—gently. What a pleasure to be!

And it's all true for me . . . Well, maybe 'cause I'm a Presidential candidate and the love leader, etc. But remember I am you, see we, and he, and she all together. So it's all there for you, too, baby. It's all there for you!

The youth in, many young hippies are thinking of buying land and having a permanent home, lots of their own. I'm thinking along these very same lines. We Woodstock will probably be more of a year round home for me too. At land auctions you can probably get 4-8 acres for 600-700 dollars. Pitch your own tent, or if you're very energetic like Tall Michael from 5th street (# 77), you'll build your own cabin in the fall.

There are still some traces of a declining McDonald St. type setting. You know—the cafes with the Fair food — the "who's hanging around today?" That is quickly subduing to the more usual 50 kids sitting around the center of town bussing up food and picking their area of the woods for a night sleep.

Woodstock is of course still an ideal place to whip

out your brushes and do your paint thing if that is your thing—but only in the sense that country can be conducive to art. The painting done in Woodstock is pretty much amateurish and schoolboy for beginners—though I could get an argument on that score from the students and few of the fairly good artist there.

Food is fairly reasonable — and the town folks are friendly. Places can be rented cheaply for the entire summer at \$120 a month — for example — a beautiful cabin on a top of a mountain overlooking God's country. Some houses are still shared by 3-4 people as exists in the pseudo-hippie Fire Island trip — but communes do exist and the way things are going down-trove and more communes are popping up.

Don't take my word for it — get your ass off the ground and up all manner check it out.

Of course, people greeted my troupe with open arms—interest — concern for the campaign and my following seems to have preceded me into the woodlands — as the time of embarrassment to some around who say away from "Hay Louis Baby" — "Born's the campaign going" and a strong right hand grip and Presidential nod of assurance for the future—good things happen—da da da Yo — It's A PRETTY GOOD PLACE FOR CAMPING — but my encounter with nature was crucial to my yielding nervous system—must keep in mind that Gods are only flesh and bone — all in my dreams.

All things in due time, and in due course. We must begin to make roads in the woodlands of an amateurish nature such as integral part of the life source (with our new minds and new thinking) so that we will continue to help the world when the country falls apart. N.Y. falls into the sea and you know, all the rest of the bullshit happens — the prophesies will, I'm sure, come to pass — but we must make spiritual strides into the future for reaping the new harvest of what is left of man. The new world belongs to us — you and me — and right now it has been extended to Woodstock and away from the city cap and shot. This is not living—N.Y. the illusion—we were thrust into it. Let us not perpetuate the ILLUSION we readily for why measure purpose that may exist. Life — is . . . life . . . in life!

DECOMPOSITION

by DA Latimer



Gee whiz, comic fans, dig this!! We have here before us this moment a copy of the September "Showmen's comic book" (Superman/DC), No. 77, which appears to be the inauguration of a whole new character series called Angel and the Ape. It has open to its cover, this article, and all the balance lines on the page converge dramatically onto the heroine, Angel O'Day herself. She's wearing a shocking pink skirt made of some sort, sitting on a stool, her lovely alabino hands in glowing about a little breeze, her legs are long and lank in violet stretch slacks, and what's more, she's got little pointy-toed boots on. In the background are a pair of enormous hairy hands, coming out of green-striped curtains, and they are clutching a rough dog's head in a bone-crushing strip laced to a drawing board.

The chick stod the stool in Angel, we find out presently, and the hands are those of her sidekick, Sam Sween (no! Sir Sween, incidentally, is a Wigwam at DC). Sam, it seems, is a moonlighting cartoonist, he does a strip for Braxton Publications, a rather obvious doppelganger for Marvel Comics, DC's arrival in the Superhero field. The pented intention being that Braxton/Marvel is too cheap to pay his cartoonists a living wage, Sam is reduced to moonlighting as a private investigator, and Angel is his henchwoman.

And what a henchwoman!! Now, on the inside of this comic strip and throughout, Angel is wearing not a mask and stocking pants, nor the most banal and glibberingly a little too much of a skirt and a striped sweatshirt. Furthermore, her hair is described as short-cut. Dangrous female hawks will be shocked to see her kicking the shit out of men in less than five panels of wonderfully cathartic violence. The rest of us, the old ran-of-the-cell polymorphous pervert, will get our kicks out of the way the has her legs crossed the first time we see her inside the strip, where she is killing flies with loud SNAPE and POOF of her bulbshop. Unhappily, she puts the whip away after the next panel, and we never see it again. But we do get to look at her in all sorts of provocative poses; most notably during this sequence, midway in the story, where the Bad Guys have had Angel and the decimated Mr. Trumbell, hand and foot in the both of them, in a collar and let loose a pack ofavenous king cobra at them; in an attempt to hypnotize the reptiles, Angel has to get up bound by wrists and ankles mind you, and stand in a bathtub-like dance for four panels.

The situation never ends, Mr. Trumbell starts sweating and breathing heavy, and we all are a little disappointed when Sam tumbles through the ceiling to the ocean. Oh, she is a fine one, Angel O'Day, fit to rival the likes of Dumb Bunny herself, of the *Infersus Piss*; comic book fans will recall that the *inf* was also a shewess magnum a few years back, but thanks to the demand of lechers like us, now, we can regular comic strip, Big Angel and the Ape, it really makes it.

But look! Dr. Frederick Wortham exhumed himself from the graveyard of television criticism and the *inf* maniacous press, let it be known that not only is Angel the Ape generously proportioned, it's long with reverberating social significance. The *inf*, here, the fartum, is not just satirical, but funny into the haycorn.

There are the usual snarks about Marvel Comics, carried over from the *Infersus Piss*—Stan Lee (They call him Stan Bragg) is an inimitable smoky rot with totalitarian fascist tendencies who runs around

in a ladies' Stars-N-Stripes outfit terrorizing his staff—but that's just an uneventful episode, it has little to do with anything in the plot.

The really lively stuff begins when Sam Sween comes home on the rooftops—he is an ape, it seems, he's made in grants and gurgles, which get interpreted in jagged sub-balloons—he swings home, I say, from Braxton, depressed and buzzfisted, muttering about the various indignities that have been perpetrated against his yearning, sensitive, artistic soul—swings home, once more, to his lovely modern apartment with the Alien Gingberg poster on the wall, climbs up into the Firestone tire hanging from the ceiling, and strums his guitar, consciousness parting abstracts with his feet.

A call from Angel! "Eek! She's in trouble! Get to split right away! Sam runs out of his apartment into the next panel, which shows an ancient and fatigued snake is winding out of the shadows of his lobby, the spindly snake is winding out of the shadows of his lobby, and the old... is lurking about the water nooks, ready to rip a streamer out into his watery lap at the first opportunity. Slipping them on a bar of soap, Sam takes a header—KLOMPL!—into the marketplace, and bounces off down the hallway—THUMP THUMP! GLUB GLUB!—trying to wrench it off. Among other residents of the building, a spade sticks his head out of his roses and says: "When they let things like that in, whatever it is, there goes the neighborhood." By the time Sam gets the pall off his head he's wrenched half the place, the ancient leviathan slithers over him mystically, feels his hair, and exclaims: "Aha! Somebody's broken my rule! Whoever over that hairy heart has got to go. No eligible Student allowed in my building!" Galloping away after this latest indignity, Sam wonders, "How do I know I'm welcome in either at Columbia University?" End of episode.

Now, this is a very excellent comic book, all good fun and easy阅读. It has its shortcomings, however: it's not clear, for one thing, whether Angel is supposed to be super-competent or beautiful-but-dumb, and you can't play that sort of thing both ways, not even if you put out the *Infersus Piss*. Sam too is rather enigmatic: is he truly stupid, slaving away for a bastard like Stan Bragg, or is he actually a persecuted artistic sort? Despite the surreal blarney and sacrificial excellence of Angel and the Ape, these questions smoulder.

But there are no bones to be made about the ending, which has Angel and Sam entering the Waldorf Rita Hotel, about to dine on Mr. Trumbell's credit card. The smoochy hand-washer is about to throw them out—Sorry—the gentleman is not notably garbed for this swell kind of fancy eating place! The er—gentleman is wearing a red turban!... The swell place is strictly *last*! So, POW! In the next panel, Sam has changed clothes with the now-growling head-washer, Gorilla-tartus!

Bladder Power, or *bart's* like Aboriginal everywhere, the Eskimos of the Lower Kuskokwim Valley in Alaska have been blighted soundly every time Western Technological Civilization, and even Eastern T.C., has moved to take notice of them. "Gusakas" is what they call white people, seeing few features indeed by which to differentiate the current pack of crooks from the Cossacks who served them two hundred years ago. Their last bitch with the Gusakas hundred from a matter of several thousand tons of salmon which were left to rot last spring for want of the Eskimos' communal fish freezer, which burned out early in the fishing season; the only way for the Natives to expedite the processing of the annual salmon catch was to make a deal with Japan's Mitsubishi International Company, a deal that was quickly squeched by the State of Alaska, acting at the urging of the Gusakas natives aborigines. Little did the Eskimos know, the fish rotted, the Eskimos went broke. They face starvation this fall, with inadequate food and shelter, and they're pissed. "We should pull the Gusakas fishing boats inland," the Eskimos have been heard to mutter. "We'll float big logs down on the Gusakas' necks!" There is poetry in this people's revolution.

The Selective Service System, an Administrative arm of the Defense Dept. of the United States, regrettably informs you that you will not be drafted in August or



September. Due to certain budget cuts and to a foreseeable re-enlistment rate, the System is suspending all pre-inductives physicals until late October or mid-November. The defense budget has never been higher than it is at this time; re-enlistment rates for all services are declining steadily. Nevertheless, few people will be drafted until after the Presidential election. Evasion shurdu. Offenses are cancer serrr concerned about postulation shurdu shurdu etashin shurdu nible mass confrontation with mass decomposition draft resistance shurdu. Due to certain budget cuts repeat certain budget cuts, re-enlistments, bodies of recruitments, vast budget of cutters, stanacan shurdu . . .

Science fiction aficionados, no aficionados, no, aficionados, as that's not it at all, science fiction freaks are urged not to miss the WBAL series, "Of Universes and Universes," narrated by Bard Seearis every Sunday evening at 10:45. Seearis, an accomplished sf writer himself, does surveys of the science fiction field, with frequent forays into pure fantasy. It will be interesting to hear his final assessment of Lieber's *A Spectre Is Haunting Texas*, the concluding installment of which just now appeared in the new Galaxy. What about all those green-smacking Texans, Mr. Seearis?

Either the Park Department, pardon me, I mean the Administration of Parks, has reached a period of unprecedented creativity, or Commissioner, oh hell, that's Administrator, Assistant Heckler, has taken EVO off the mailing list. Stand to me to this column for details of this latest project.

Also no, despite popular appeal to have it reopened, the Ice Rink in Flushing Meadows remains locked tighter than a drum. Take your skates to Central Park, see how they like that!!

Lyndon Johnson's birthday is coming up on the twenty-seventh this month, he'll be sixty years old. You get out there in the streets now, and show her how much y'all love her.

Mybher Abdul Senn De La Villeneuve expresses satisfaction at the response given by "Star Drak" Windmill, who was, Leet called him number sixteen two days ago of his apparently numbered Free Consultation and Catharsis. They went away Mybher De La Villeneuve's stereoscopyscope was damaged in one of the turaks, so he regrettably cannot print another Star Drak this week; he shuffles all Sagittarians with personal problems to contact him next week at 228-3640 any evening after six. Mothers something about the Moon coming into Aries and all five signs setting hot and bothered . . .

It's all over for the LEMAR people. Here's Walker Windmill himself, in Monday's *Kickerbocker/Hairy Cohen* bashing his powerful and agile commissional installed to devastate the flimsy arguments of the pro-marijuana speakfolk. The author of *The Polices* (by Bill Surflit) collected the myth that many of those slagger-hatched collectives (using marijuana) do not end up on beds, like the *Infersus Piss* front cover of which was adduced at the Polymerogenic farm in Lexington. My esteemed editor! There it is, boys and girls, cause your ganja smokes now, or you'll never grow up to be wise and learned like Mr. Windmill; come clean NOW, before you wind up on some awful old narco's farm. *Qut, collegi!*

tales of poor Ulysses

by Lennox Raphael

and side, west side, which is yr backside.

Back in '64, or was it '63? I lived on 12th street, between Avenue A & B, and my apartment was robbed of two typewriters, tape recorder, stereo system, television, & one blanket. Do you know the defending epithets that grade your novel when you walk thru the door & everything you like is gone, taken by a stranger, or a friend in need, or by one of the untrustables who walks thru your eyes, stops on your heels & have visitors of your hostility, your protectiveness, your treurism? The gang leader on the block was upright.

Good vibes had kicked in, he had been to my place once or twice, & I knew he was certain, my apartment was off limits to our friendly urban sharecroppers. A lot of people were being robbed around us. Yes, I must add that the Leader, that first night at my place (we were the Leader, about 18, The Shadow, 18, Johnny The Hipp & Hardened Hustler who would cut you at the drop of a hat, and Maryanne & I), the Leader was stalling Johnny about some of the jobs they had pulled, the serious parkas, and everyone laughed, enjoyed it, it was like family? The Shadow's family was a Welfare family, didn't like Well, there about to the Shadow brought on cheeks. The Shadow was hardened but still tenderly young, and one night after drinking one pint of Bacardi (for the first time), he decided it was much wiser to jump from the leaders' dressstagger down fire flights. Next time the Shadow drank less rare. Sometimes the hardened side, that novel smell lasted but a few minutes, then freedom, the Taker had relieved me of the duty of having to feel strongly about these machines. What is a police lock?

Dan lived on the first floor with Liz. He came to visit me & saw the open door. He knew. He was passed. He tried to find me, but couldn't. I was in Brooklyn. So here I come walking in to my charismatic cockroaches & their own joint, and the door is open, and the emptiness after discovery. Then Dan arrives with the Leader. The Leader is very apologetic! "I want you to know that my boys didn't pull the job." They were investigating, looking for the one who did it, they were hopping mad to find the Taker. Then they left. The Leader & the Taker came to see me again. The Taker is below. Right below. The Leader and the Taker was a "punk."

"What do you want to do with him?" the Leader said.

"I want the stuff back."

So the stuff was already gone, no more machine for the time being. The Leader had been to the scenes already, but the Taker had done business with a transient.

"Can the police," the Leader said, "or let's take him down to the basement."

The Leader wanted to teach him a lesson. He must pay his dues. The Leader wanted to rush him against the basement wall & beat him living daylight shift, keep him against the wall, "fuck him up!" the Leader said, and he wanted me to share in the punishment. I could kick his ass good, slap his "shit face around," put my foot on his eye, I didn't have "to take any shit from a stupid junkie" . . . or I could go to the police. The police Go to the police. The Shadow used to say everytime the cops picked him up they would take him down to the precinct & shaggyppen his ass around, on general principles. The Shadow hated the cops. The Leader did this in several times, & be descended in soliloquy. The blue race with this power & the glory of the gun & its gleye.

"Not the cops," I said.

I didn't want the Police because I didn't want the Police. The Leader and I would be doing the Taker a favor. The Taker wanted the Police because he was outside and couldn't get any shit & had to steal steel meat. The Taker had a wife & four kids, and one day the wife was out front & a new people moving & said, "That sofa & tv look like mine." Later she went up and the four rooms were empty & she called the police & he was sent up, & he locked himself till he returned to the block with the rest of the untrustables.

"Call the Police," the Leader said. So look here I tol the Leader if the Police came the Taker & Other Takers would be taken. Even the untrustables, the block. I used to stand outside at night as kids ran from cars to basements with batteries. They used to take cars for a few hours & ride joyfully center of the highway thru their free innocence.

"O.K.," the Leader said. "Let me know if you see a good typewriter around here & I'll get it for you."

"It's O.K.," I said.

"Or maybe you have a friend with one. Someone you don't like."

Something was worked out. Nothing was done. Some time I passed the Taker on the stairs. Liz was raped one night during a fire. Dan & Liz moved upstairs. The next didn't survive. One day the news papers carried the story of an assassination. The Gentleman was shot from a late model Lincoln & the Lincolnes used a machine gun to keep him from

selling. He had more guts than Clyde. The Lincolnes drove around the block & came back with their headlights as the Gentleman forced himself into a crowd on the sidewalk. The driver was good. He pulled the car onto the sidewalk, and there was a bump as he touched the Gentleman's chest. I read about this ritual one week later. The fact that it had happened so close, between B & C on Twelfth, overwhelmed me into an isolation corner, & taught what the city was, and how concrete communications functioned when the victims did not live on the block . . . then I thought right now, I had to wait to read about the killing because I didn't know what was happening in the neighborhood, in the community. Another urban outsider was coming & going.

Months later I lived on Second Street, between B & C in the constant noise of fire engines, cars, cool, & cool happy (or so seeming) storefronts where God is worshipped with tambourines & love while outside it was hell & you hell, depending on one's ticket to heaven. Malcolm X was assassinated during my stay at this apartment. Another experience I went to North Africa, lived in Morocco, traveled thru Europe, met people from the Lower East Side, but never Puerto Ricans, those who provide the language majority on the East Side, or the East Village. Major Malcom.

Then I returned last summer, 1967, the hippies were claiming Tompkins Square Park, there was music in the park, some flower fests out on the grass (in stead of smoking it) & the cops rioted. They beat people left & right, and they were worse, but no cop was punished for drawing blood. Then they took the presence of the cops, while faces, a few black ones, the blue race. The year of the cop on the lower east side started last summer. The Grateful Dead played too. The cops is silent surveillance crept about with their guns swinging, cops looked at residents & squat on corners. I saw it happen more than once. Maybe you had to look more than once to see it happen. You had to see it more than once to really believe it, but you felt stupid for believing it only after it happened.

So I lived on Eleventh Street between B & C. Guzman was killed, then King, then another Kennedy, the wars were intensified, sectarian housing in every word. Then trouble started two weeks ago. The jumbo tall Tactical Patrol Force tramped into the area. Avenue B community & started getting into blind bashes with the residents, even attacking leaders without knowing these people to be leaders. One night I saw Welton Smith (who works at the Tompkins Square Park Community Center) . . . he was at B & 9th trying to keep things cool, he knew the cops were ready. Night after night people threw molotovs at cops, residents marched on the Ninth Precinct. They wanted the TPP OUT! One afternoon I walked down Avenue B to Second Street past boarded up windows, two or three or four or five cops at corners, they wore their helmets, they wore their riot gear, helmets & when they looked at you it was with hostility & suspicion. "Why do they have to send them here?" someone said. "They don't live here. Eliot no hablas español?"

So I was invited to Eleventh Street between A & B the night people were rassing up & down the street piling cops running from cops being arrested and frantic cops. I left Friday & Saturday traveled around with Eddie Gómez. Eddie was in Rochester, in Syracuse, Syrac. Eddie spoke to young people. He spoke of pigs pigs pig pig pig pig pig pig pig and sink pigs go. The Presidential candidate on the Black Panther Party & Peace and Freedom ticket was down the demostology of the pig as we went from sky to sky. Saturday night I returned ja the city. There was trouble on my block. Tension on the street.

"The cops beat up a Spanish person . . . and no much sangre. He was drunk, but they didn't have to do that. They could have walked away like they do for a lot of people."

From my apartment window I looked down on the street of glittering shards. Then something happened. A car came from B, stopped in front of my building, helmeted cops rushed out and grabbed someone from the stoop & bottles raised on the car & occupants as the cops fought into the car and





- THEATER -

Worse than going through changes is having to publicly own up to views which, given the never constant, now seem wrong—and using mitigating words such as "misguided," "half-aware," etc., doesn't help.

Dionysus is 88 when I first saw it; impressed me with its overwhelming power and hard techniques, then later seemed just too long: a fresh, intuitive thought overextended. The direct involvement of the audience to reinforce the possibilities of experience for theater is a difficult fact, for it doesn't mean involvement to be just the physical contact; the politics of ecstasy surely do not include the fascist notion that each person express joy in the same manner; i.e., by joining a dance at one particular moment in time. Theater groups in this country are attempting to synthesize the European and other traditions with a particularly native antigen.

Part of the discovery as far has been that acting is only one step away from the profession of actions practiced by everyone alive. In Dionysus, therefore, the various roles are layers of personality melted together by each actor who words with himself as he understands himself, and with humanity, and with the character hidden in the dialogues and action of the written play. This new theater, follows all other similar groups including any who have the same view of experimentation and truth, in its awareness and conscious assertion that the meanings of familiar words must be re-explored for intent persuasion through overseas and interdenominational. Words such as "actor" and "play" and "audience."

When I next saw the play, it had visibly reconstructed its theory of "politics of ecstasy" and had chosen the most powerful meaning of the word politics: means of rectifying society have never been limited to public office, and the need to shout out lateral warnings in a play, at a time when everybody's just remembered "her property" of the events which did take place had a most validating effect on the remainder of the experience.

Dionysus is an attempt to regain that original passion with which theatre was performed and, particularly in the case of the Greeks, distinguished from Dionysian rites. Everybody played, in those days. The people playing in this word are of varying quality, and it is doubly hard to comment on individual performances because the created roles are so much externalizations of their own projected psyches to the point where reaction to a specific character, even when he is engaged in a chorus action, becomes a matter of vibrations and despatched intonations. Bill Finley, however, remains powerful throughout the performance, whether his presence is visible or intimated, through off stage whispers. Dionysus seems to only a projection of his own view of himself, rather than a studied creation of various characteristics; as though, within, he is multi-faceted enough to perform psychic extinctions and emerge with an understanding of the role he is externally performing on stage. His antagonist, Pentheus, played by Bill Shepherd, exhibits the strain more often than such a vigorous play. Sometimes, the opposition seems to embarrass him, causing a slight falter in his action—and I do not refer to the "ritual combat" scene wherein he is forced to answer all questions truthfully, no matter how palely they may be. Of the others, I remember most vividly June Beering in the closed rehearsal, when she seemed to truly be enjoying ecstasy, to the point where her exuberance charged the others in a most fantastic way, and I envied her.

The score of *HADE* (The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical) is enchanting; there is something about the pure form of the music, allowing total free-play of the private imagination, that makes it hard not to enjoy it, no matter what it is tied to, or superficial campaign kept, in part.

More people than I ever expected knew ecstasy was against the law, and even admitted that the explanatory, exploratory song in the show made them aware for the first time that they had passed Julie Feiffer's rationale that "sex is dirty, enjoy it!"—well then. After seeing this year's motion picture entries in the mixed media, pre-integration ranks . . . I have new respect for songs which at least recognize that "black chicks do sing, even if indirectly, that 'black boys are devious'" and that black chicks, given the ad campaigns if nothing else, have to think about "white

boys are so pretty." "Colored Spade" is still a redundancy, but after listening to the listed names one might call a Negro, from "resident of Harlem/President of love—you heard me, president of love" . . . plus all the other terms, "so you say," yeah, ok.

Right on down the line, right through to "I Got Life" which takes on a new vibrance in the re-listening and hearing.

In the time the play has been on, reaction and perception has had time to allow priorities to regain their positions. The play only exposes half a world, the side with the tart taste but without the deeper herbs, the pain of wondering, "Where Do I Go?" The thought that parents could so easily take comfort that their children would grow out of their search for peace and awareness, becoming eventually into the world they live in, where cracks are not lined and hanging on trees, but is a convenient delusion—that outgrown consideration that this play is still ticketed at \$18 a pair—and that bitter pills don't get swallowed by people who are paying partially to have their prescriptions filled.

Unfortunately, I did not find out from the actors themselves that it was their own decision to alter the play's structure and content, thus giving their actions an amateur validity, although still as personally relevant to me.

The definition of the word "critic" suddenly needs some new insight-explanations; if anything, I fall into the trap of refusing to realize that I wanted my political methodology to prevail, and was conducting theatre with ethics.

The opening of the play, "The Age of Aquarius" is a beautiful piece and hope, and never to be knocked under any circumstances, especially as we seem to be going faster towards an eclipse of the whole galaxy, lately.

Obviously, the whole score can be regarded in a different context especially if given the introductory, cautionary basis of this being a diversions. So if you can't stand to laugh, including at yourself, don't go—even if you can afford it. Sense of the smart is gone, though, for me, because enough time has passed so that the original condescension running through parts of the score is no longer algorithmic: theatre? Illusory laughter can only hurt when the involvement is so one-sided that perspective is gone

- FILM -

Fifth Ave. Cinema seems to concentrate on the French early masters: This weekend, Jean R茅sier, *The Crime of M. Lange* and *Davidin's Pei de Cariste*; next week, three *R茅al Clairs*, including *Bouffons de la Nuit* and *Bouffons de la Vie*. Tel. WA 4-8220

The New Yorker just picks and chooses from everywhere: Bogart and Belmonte over the weekend; then Belmonte and Ben Jonson's *Volpone* next week. Tel. TH 4-0180

The Producers is one of the funniest films of the year. It is now opening at the Art Theatre on 8th St and at The Apollo, tied off Broadway, where it will play with Beaumaisies of the Night, strange name of humor that somebody has. Mel Brooks and Zero Mostel may not be looking on film; they may truly belong in the theatre. These two are still better than most of the people personally associated with film—or other medium. They are funny.

A new Andy Warhol film will open Thursday at the Garrick, *Lovers of Odessa*. The Warhol Garrick is now running Warhol films exclusively, having seen taken the name in hopes that some of it will rub off. Unfortunately, if they don't do something about their projector soon, for instance fix it, nothing is going to help them, not even being between two great entertainment establishments, the Gaiety Au Go Go and the Greenwich Hotel. Tel. of the Garrick: 555-8270.

The Bleecker (also near the Garrick) is running Blow-Up and Purple Noon this weekend. Purple Noon is one of the best mystery thrillers ever. Merv and Totid, is *Woman in the Dunes* and *The Conqueror*; for say who missed the latter, it is a rare film Tel. OR 4-3210

It is interesting how certain directors/filmmakers seem to dominate particular festivals. At the Lyccean

(James Flora), Truffaut and Bergman seem to occur almost every other day, with respectful bows to Eisenstein. This weekend, Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player*; next week, *The 400 Blows*; Bergman's *The Silence* and *Wild Strawberries* . . . Tel. JU 3-8877.

Lita Elisen

Flimsy Films

In order to not assume total responsibility for this film critique, BJ should decide to share the commentary with a long-lost friend found on his shoulder in the shape of a baboon.

SJ "THE Kinetik Art?" Sounds rather pretentious, eh Boobie?

Boobie — "Yeah, youse got entertained fo nuttin, just open yo mouth. Even though I never saw one, I was entertained."

SJ — "Really? Well, in that case, here's a list of these films shown at that decadent Lincoln Memorial Philharmonic Hall. Tell me what you think of them . . ."

Boobie — "Hmmp, youse don't mind, but I've only got to mention a few. I remember *Happiness* by Lotho Speer, Germany; it made me very happy; *Parsonsens* by Jaroslav Belas, San Francisco; far out" (no quote his home town); coke, light manipulation, and macro-images; *Coral Diagonal* by Vlastek Filipov, Yugoslavia; as the endless war against collective amnesia, BJ, this minuscule war flick deserves total world exposure.

SJ — "actually, I think it's far better than the War Games, eh Boobie?"

Boobie — "Verbalies" by Albert Lamorisse, Paris: entertaining as well as informative.

SJ — Now Boobie . . . You know critical criticism is a no-no. And considering that you didn't even see . . .

Boobie — "Shut up! And stop picking your nose. Let's see now . . . *Afterward*, from Wiesbaden, Germany: lyrical, Gavotte, by Walther Barowsky. Paris: Bohemianique, if I do say so myself. Spider Elephant, Pravice Kasimir, Paris: delicate, Elegia, Jan Husaric, Budapest; natch . . . ahgish! The problem is that long dialogues are nerveless, and I fell asleep."

SJ — Not on my shoulders!

Boobie — "Says enough! It struck me as if the same man was to be entertaining more than anything else. What do you think?"

Boobie: I don't. That's why I agree with you all the time. I really did like *Happiness* . . . It scored more truth than most . . .

SJ — Why?

Boobie — Cuz it was short.

Baby Jerry

Che is Alive

... though after the first striking shot of Bolivia's penning an unscripted audience to the dead body of Guevara, one begins to wonder if it really matters. For in the following scene, Roaldo Pota, the strong faced actor who plays Guevara, begins croaking from Ch'a's writings while sitting or sprawling on a table until like students drowsily drooping flatlands or slow-speed records, he goes on moan too long through a poor sound system pushing a viewer to stay and hope, or to sheer desperation to flee, when all of a sudden something snags.

Pota, thank god, puts the damn book away and quite spontaneously begins exchanging insults with sensible director of this Spanish language film, José Soltero, and before you know it most takes over in a spouting-outburst. Pota denounces the "blitzness" of life as seen in so many big and small ways; from the possible casting of Heston as Guevara by Hollywood, to the matchbook cover he's picked up freez a table offering education through a coupon, to the petty crap dropped through so many channels in a modern powerful country. Pota's explosion is sad, lusty, fury and full of rich Spanish curses, and his eyes are especially interesting as they shined alive with fire, or sometimes drop to tender softness in response to some question or comment of the director.

Then you're in Bolivia with the revolutionary idealist or an avove would view it, the romantic feel, tied up and surrounded by the energy, very much alone, near

(Continued on Page 111)

Poor Paranooids

by Allan Katsman

"Satan is his father and His name is...Adrian!! He shall overthrow the mighty and lay waste their temples; He shall reduce the despised and wreak vengeance in the name of the burned and the tortured!"

From *Rosemary's Baby*, Written by Ira Levin and directed by Roman Polanski.

POOR PARANOIDS' ALMANAC

The Devil it God as he is misunderstood by others. In San Francisco, it seems to go double. The Magnificent Mystery Man, with his hundred thousand cars, and those damn chintzy houses to boot, and those houses standing alert, colorful, awake to the next trembling, has been taken over by a new offering. No longer is it a city that ate a bite but a last boltwork is the disintegration of a place where supposedly four million people (if you include the Bay area and Marin county) live in peace and harmony.

These past few weeks, things have taken their natural course. The Haught District with its last remnants of "The Love People" has taken on an aura of violence and addiction. The self-styled hippies who have made their kill in the media are all but gone. What remains is a rat race where the respect and reverence for life waits at the corner for its connection. The colors and pretty clothes are still there and even the long hair and tribal beads, but they speak around corners now and pack a barge under innocent and fully decorated garments.

There have been a couple of killings lately over drugs not to mention a riot. The riot lasted about two days and was precipitated when the police arrested two young Negroes from Richmond, across the bay, for "pushing," hard as well as soft drugs. They were arrested on a corner of the Haught, and as they were being dragged away, yelled for help which was responded to by local tribesmen with a barrage of bottles and rocks and running down curbs on the local "pet-tape" heads." The police responded naturally with force, plenty of clubs and tear gas. The Haught tribe took up their position behind barricades and the roofs of buildings. The whole thing lasted two nights with a lot of firecrackers, molotov cocktails—some singing, a lot of broken heads and bones, and innocent people being totally ruined.

The next couple of days, after the police had blockaded the entire block happened and then moved out when everybody—not just back to normal, the number of ten young people was discovered not five blocks apart from each other. The police claimed they had no connection with each other. An to a hellish word hotheaded with leatheryhair red tape, the facts speak for themselves. One prospect, from well-known family across the bay in Oakland where his uncle was a judge and he, himself, as excellent student well up the ladder to medical school, was found shot dead with packets of cocaine in his coat pocket and a \$100 bill crumpled in his wallet. The other was a local traveler in the Haught way-of-life; nineteen years old, he was found shot in the street in broad daylight with his needle tanks gleaming in the sun, and a gun coated and ready-to-fire holding him behind his back. The first youngster's name was still—"He was still a good boy?" the crowd's, nowhere to be found. There WAS no connection except the connections themselves and the ones dealt in and which had now become a way of life in the Haught.

As far as the police were concerned, their behavior was akin to those they had done except that it had a badge on it. And their lethargy in dealing with the problem was no less recognizable than the city fathers' own impotence in doing something about it. The law was the law even if it were evasive of a large part of a creative society; probably the only creative one in the whole society.

The legacy it now leaves to a new group of youngsters who will be in the majority of America's population by 1975 has been clouded and badly handled by both sides. It will leave, a ravaging point and symbol for young people who do not understand the good and bad uses of drugs and an ease of freedom that now finding no escape value in the political arena of life besides and residence. There is a repression growing in America that has in its will to do away with the

three Ps of young peoples' awareness—PEACE, POT, and PUSSY.

With the advent of the elections and the masses share given to us by both parties, the repression will grow worse so that is five more years the cities will be teeming with trouble. Young negroes will be exposed in the greater part of it because most whites will have given up the city areas to them and moved to the suburbs. And the new young whites who grow out of these new surroundings, of things don't improve, will react with even greater enthusiasm than the simple fact that, as one young person recently put it, "The reason I can run away from the suburbs was because all I could find there was a lot of Barbelles, Craigleaves, and Adelines."

What it all comes down to is finding a reasoning, a meaning of life which is not supplied with War, Medicine, Overdose, Racism, and Bassoon. If America wants to survive as a freedom loving nation, it has to solve these problems immediately and correctly.

Right now in San Francisco, across the bay in Oakland, the city is solving its race problem with the trial of Huey Newton, Black Panther, charged with the killing of an Oakland policeman and the wounding of another Newton's Lawyer Gary is trying to prove that Huey is not getting a trial by his peers because most of the reputed jurors are white and middle class. He is making himself a good case because Black is predominantly white and middle class. The racism exists because the inaccuracy exist and they seem to rub each other the wrong way. There is also another side to the Newton case which Gary will have to prove. The Vesdella waged by the Oakland "Pigs" (the Police) against the police against the Black, especially the Panthers.

The whole situation that occurred between police and Newton occurred when they recognized him, pulled him from his car and started to kick and beat him as he lay on the ground. Newton, in order to defend himself, grabbed an axe from one of the policemen. If, as many witnesses seen to corroborate, there is a war being waged by the police, then Newton legally defended himself using the rights granted to him by the constitution to bear arms. Newton's case seems to signify the police structures inability to handle the popular without brutality. Into this maelstrom of hate, fear and prejudice, caused in a large measure by the inability to control the growth of mass people in a city, a large amount of innocent people are being rocked in.

Errol Cleaver, the able spokesman for the Panthers, has claimed that if Huey is found guilty of the Black Panthers he will be by this time next year. What seems to obviously retaliation from both sides. With this kind of attitude, a case war can be easily triggered off all over the country with the Black Panthers second world, to the Nation. Meanwhile the Peace and Freedom Party with its predominantly white corps has nominated Cleaver for President on their ticket in the coming national election. There is no hope that he will be elected but there are still some people who still cling to the system in the hope that others will discover this illusion.

San Francisco today is a wasting city. Most of the people who were on the scene this time last year are now firmly entrenched in houses that feel as hampered and banished guns in secret in preparation when it will all come down while others have taken to a further retreat in woods and wilderness to wait, survive, and return one day when the world is better. There is one woman, a proselytizer with very impressive credentials (no sayeth the San Francisco Chronicle) who has been converted because this town next year San Francisco will be inundated by earthquake and fire. If it is true what she has prophesied, then we all have been unwilling the martyrs of Nature. And one finds this hard to damage with when you look around and see how our man-made system has polluted the countryside with pollution, bad vibrations and negative energy. This earth (ts) Moby Dick will hit her great white tail and smash us all for our transgressions.

What San Francisco has spawned, as has every other major city in America, seems to be Rosemary's baby in all shapes, sizes, and colors. It is the cruel legacy of a broken consciousness tested in time to our own political systems unable to shatter the charge. These are the virtues our own parents revered us to be in a large measure conceivable in San Francisco if all come out like a pimple. This is where it all began and this is where it will all end.

The prophet eats Falafel

by Steve Kraus

Ring out the camel bells, swing a stick of incense and take a good pull on your hookah—the Falafel has come to town! No, it isn't the latest rock group; it's food for the inner man, rather than for the car. It's inexpensive, rich in protein and only three thousand years old. And somehow it only seems fitting that the man who is bringing the Falafel to the Lower East Side is an actor who has appeared on four continents and who recently had a role in a film called "Broken Wings," the story of Muham Ghribi, the Lebanese poet, painter and photographer.

But first, the Falafel. Falafel is to many of the countries on the southern coast of the Mediterranean what the hot dog or the slice of pizza is to America, except that it goes back further. People were already wrapping themselves around it in Egypt it is the days of the Pharaohs. Known today in the Arab world as "fusilli," it is eaten throughout the Middle East, offered to the hungry passer-by by sidewalk vendors and tiny, hole-in-the-wall restaurants. It is probably the only thing the Arabs and the Jews agree on, being practically the favorite snack in Israel. Falafel is very cheap and extremely nourishing, but its widespread success and favor may also be due to the wedgesize benefit that its consumption aids the male reproductive powers.

The Falafel comes in an envelope of this Syrian bread ("pita"), this is a stuffed sandwich-like bread freshly baked in a tandoor or tuck, which retains two different ingredients. On top of that come freshly chopped tomatoes, lettuce and parsley and a sauce once called tahini. For those brave in heart and possessed of stout stomach there is optionally available a reddish hot sauce, which, depending on your fortitude and taste, you will either find delicious or disgusting of lava piping hot from the blazing mouth of a volcano.

Also available for taking home and gustatory freakish son is "hummus," an appetizer, a paste-like spread made of mashed chick peas, tahini, lemon, salt and garlic. A largish container costs 65¢ pits bread can also be bought to go. The Falafel sandwich, which is a meal in itself, is \$2. All these delights are available at Pierre's House of Falafel, on the west side of First Avenue between 13th and 14th Street, a place not much larger than a cigar-store paper, this week Pierre is serving his falafel in paper to go in the subway arcade under First Avenue, across the street from the May Company Store at 14th Street.

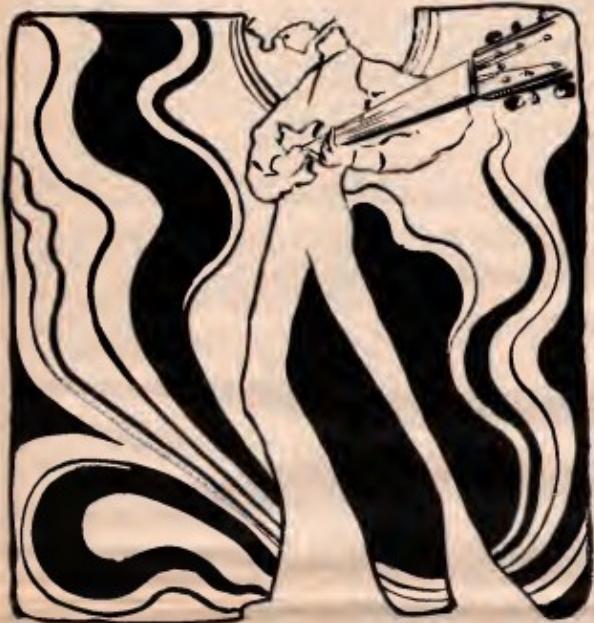
Pierre Souley, the man behind the Falafel, is a handsome, powerfully built fellow who looks more like a soldier of fortune than an actor who has played a Mid-Eastern mystic in a film, or some sort is involved in introducing esoteric cultic goddesses to the American public. Born of a Lebanese father and French mother in Paris, in what is, today Israel, he grew up in Paris, and after some medical studies, studied acting with the celebrated drama group assembled by Louis Jouvet. When Jouvet died, Pierre came to America and studied in New York with the American Theater Wing. After a year he moved on to Brazil and it was there that his professional career began in earnest. He was best known through his own play, "Hands of Eurydice," by the Brazilian playwright Pedro Bloch, ("Known to American audiences as 'Tissue of a Litigate'"). Pierre toured with this play throughout Central and South America. All in all he has performed it in all the seven languages he knows fluently: English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Arabic and Hebrew. He hopes to repeat it in N.Y. this fall. In the play, a comic tragedy, the author asks the audience to play the parts of the main (and only) character's wife, children, in-laws, girlfriends. During his stay in Brazil Baday had a weekly TV show in Rio de Janeiro called "The Telephone," in which he talked with imaginary people, and also found time to play important parts in free Brazilian films.

After performing "Hands of Eurydice" at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires during the government of the Argentine General Peron, Pierre took it to Cuba, and then settled in New York and began a new career as theatrical agent, while continuing to appear on the stage and on the screen. But he has very success as agent, financially enough, began to bluster him in his dramatic efforts. People in show business circles type cast him as an agent rather than as an actor, and, in 1965, he returned to his native Middle East.

Preceded by enthusiastic publicity he toured again with "Hand of Eurydice" and made the film "Broken Wings," in which he plays Khalil Ghribi, the Lebanese mystic who perhaps best known for his book "The Prophet," the lyrical and philosophical poetry and for his drawings, which Auguste Rodin compared to those of William Blake.

1966 has been a big year for Pierre; his film opened in New York to very complimentary reviews and he began his Falafel circuit of the United States with two houses of Falafel already in operation he plans to open two more in the immediate future and ultimately to have a chain of these national in scope "America can use a change," he says. "Using the Falafel I am starting out with its eating habits."

KOKAKO KARMA



by Bob Rudnick/Dennis Frawley

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This week in New York:

AU GO GO Fri. Sun. — Blood, Sweat, & Tears, Sidekick, Peter Walker

BITTER END David Sterbenz, Peas Martiniac.

CENTRAL PARK Fri. — Young Hot World, Arthur Prysock, Arnold Gove Sat. — Mothers of Invention, Redbone, Guy Davis, Lou Rawls, Joe Key Wed. — The Who, The Manic

DON Clark Terry & Tongue Show All Stars

FILLMORE Big Brother and Holding Company, Steppin' Sisters, Ten Years After

GASLIGHT Monty Rock III, Billy Mitchell, Carl Wagnleitner

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (Jazz in Garden); Thurs., 8:30 PM — James McGriff & Organ Trio

GROUP IMAGE Light, music, dance, show at Odeonstage Hotel on Wed. 9 PM

SCENE John Hammond, Buzz Univer, Russa, Sun. — Wed. — Ten Years After

SLUGS Art Blakey, Mon. — Bob Patton Sat. aft. — Pharaoh Sanders

VILLAGE GATE Uptown — Beta Sets, Downstairs — Hugh Massak, Jerry Smith

Stevie Paul's latest rambling 'T'm cool aren't I' full page ad in EVO and the Voca ones again reflects the whimsical over-grown attitude of the chickie jewish (not her restrained) led from Debbie Ferry who "always wanted to be accepted in Greenwich Village, but never quite made it." The "Underground doesn't exist" for bright chick owners, public relations men, record company executives, and other parasites, who have faced the blood-drenched cloots and hairy sprays of mass wielded by bright blue coated paper. Sterile publications want to suppress the promiscuous burst of freedom, love and expression of the "underground"; for the roots of change are scattered in the soil of anti-establishment activity.

"The underground doesn't exist" for the exploiters and observers who ride the fringe of hipdom. For them it is a vehicle for "accepted coolness" and/or moving new laws of easy money. But it is from the gears of the underground that the real revolutionaries spin out the unpermitted peace and harmony. And the jazz society will not be disappointed and the underground has always counted for at least the warmth and voices of change. And the established music today in the established, upholders, perfumed music of

yesterday's underground. The underground is not a label but a continuing creative force and won't be bottled or washed out by anyone's cytotoxic.

The Group Image has gotten its leveraged-upon-music, lights, and dancing together at the Diplomat Hotel every Wednesday starting at 9:00.

Russell will be faltering into the trade press that the Bay Gees' lead singer is sick. However, the motive for this rumor is the bombing of the band on their current U.S. concert tour; so this trumpeting illness can be used as a cop-out for cancellation if the gates don't improve.

The Mothers of Invention return to New York for an appearance at the Central Park Bear Festival this Saturday night at 8:30 and 11:30. For only \$1.00 you can catch the Great Chinese Miss artist, Buddy Guy as well as the Mothers.

Bob Cohen and his New World Singers will give a free concert of folk songs, old and new on Mon. Aug. 8 at 8 p.m. at Beekman Plaza at 34th Street and Amsterdam Ave.

Jazz singer Bob Paltier, who unfortunately is adored but seldom seen, will be making an appearance at Stage this coming Monday night. It's a good chance to catch his infectious vocal stylings.

Paul Butterfield's new album on Electra is a must. He is one artist not content to relax on last year's laurels but continually develops into new and more intensive areas in his progressive blues style. Paul will be appearing at the Cafe Au Go Go in late Aug.

Great triple bill at the Fillmore this weekend—Janis Joplin with Big Brother and the Holding Company, the exciting gospel sound of The Staple Singers, and Ten Years After (Garrison Brixton, Island band). Next weekend Janis blues comes to the Second Avenue Music Hall.

Hippie Bros. and Barnes & Bailey Circus are revolutionizing the world's first and only school for professional clowns. Irvin Field President and Chief Executive Officer of The Greatest Show on Earth, international

that the Circus will open the school this fall at winter quarters in Venice, Florida, and is now accepting applications for enrollment in the upcoming course.

Field said that the school, Hippie Bros and Barnes & Bailey Circus College of Clowns, will launch its first semester in mid-October under the direction of Mel Miller, a one-time Ringling clown, and more recently, Curator of the Ringling Museum of the Circus in Sarasota, Florida.

The new College will be the first and only clown training program of its kind in the world. Graduates will be offered contracts to appear with the two semi-annual editions of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey which will tour beginning next summer.

Those interested in the tuition-free program should contact Mel Miller, Ringling Bros. and Barnes & Bailey Circus, P.O. Box 352, Venice, Florida 34592. Miller requests that applicants include their age and general background. He said that show business experience is not a pre-requisite.

David Peal and "The Lovins East Side" will do another concert this Sunday in Washington Square Park. There is a good chance that Electric will release a single. David's "Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker."

The Only New York showing of the Beatles' "Magical Mystery Tour" will be August 11 at the Fillmore. It is a benefit for the Liberation News Service. Tickets are priced at \$3, \$4, \$5.

The electric Kokako Karma is broadcast Sunday through Thursday, 9 p.m. to Midnite on WFMU-AM 92.1. Guests next week will include comedian David Steinberg on Tuesday and Danny Fields, Electric Rendezvous publicity executive on Wednesday.

Buzz Lindquist has agreed to do the Central Park Concert on August 10. He will be sharing the bill with Louie Richard and The Chambers Brothers.

John Hammond is back. The lad who was the leader of the urban white interest in authentic blues and was the model for thousands of fledgling coffee house talk singers is attracting audiences and embarrassing the second rate white imitators of urban blues with impassioned performances at Steve Paul's The Scene. Hammond was as important to the development of the emerging blues-oriented scene in the early 60's that the Electricians have noted. In the Blue Project album featuring a blues group whose blues cuts at that time, apportioned for Hammond's absence.

John always goes on singing as a career in early 1966 when he sold everything he owned and took off for Europe. Buying a Land Rover in England, John traveled through France, Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and all through the Middle East. After 4 months of living in Anatolia, Turkey, John sold his Land Rover and decided to return to New York. Two days later he returned to Japan (as VP of his friend's Infantry Food Company) to try to get traditional Japanese food. When he got home he decided he wanted a basement. Incidentally John is 1966 had bought, rebuilt and started Yves' 19th anniversary restaurant, The Paradox, along with Richard O'Kane.

Finally John returned to his first love—the blues and formed a band with Jimi Hendrix (Jones) in late '66. In early '67 he formed the Screamers Night Hawks from whom his present tour evolved. In his two previous bands were Herman Pilans (formerly with the Counters) on bass and on drums the incredible Charles Ots, who has played with everyone from Lionel Hampton to Ray Charles to Jerry Lee and is a fine vocalist in his own right.

Hammond in recent years has discovered Scientology and has pursued and studied. Through Scientology he has been given a new awareness of life—"Who I am, Why FM here." It has enabled him to do more—enjoy more. He now feels on top just as certainly singing better than ever before with confidence and peace of mind.

Hammond stands out for his complete giving of himself to his music. It is this conviction that carries through so strongly in his work whether in live performance or on recordings. Hammond has developed into a first rate master of the blues, tradition, all its subtlety and aesthetic refinements. He plays freely and naturally from his heart as it never has before. The drawing reflections, the dynamic variety, the understated humor, the rhythmic insistence, the soaring glissando, the ringing bell-like, the really remarkable—
all these come from deep inside John. For he believes in what he is doing. No writer can do the variety of choices urban blues masters as well as Hammond. His repertoire includes blues from Lightnin' Hopkins, Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed, John Lee Hooker, Bo Diddley, Big Joe Williams, Muddy Waters, and others.

Hammond will be appearing at The Scene for the next few weeks.

EVO and the gang

TO ANDY K and BOB R: "Happy Birthdays to youse!" - EVO and the gang

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BY KIM DEITCH



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OWLS HAVE FUNNY WAYS...



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THE MAN

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BY
VAUGHN
BODE

FLY FOR ME
OR I WILL
SMASH YOU...



FLOWER,
I HAVE COME
TO VISIT WITH
YOU TODAY...



HERE COMES SOME
STUPID STUFF... I
WILL JUMP DOWN
AND POUND IT'S
HEAD WITH MY
FOOT... THAT WILL
BE FUNNY...



I HEAR
SOME THING
WATCHIN ME
FROM OUTSIDE
MY SLEEPIN
PLACE...

I WILL SMASH
MY TOE WITH
THIS QUIET
ROCK... I WILL
THEN SCREAM
AND AFTER, I
WILL THINK OF
IT...

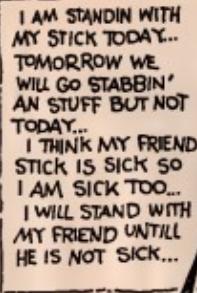


MY FINGER
THINGS ARE
ALL CAUGHT
TOGETHER...



I AM STANDIN WITH
MY STICK TODAY...
TOMORROW WE
WILL GO STABBIN'
AN STUFF BUT NOT
TODAY...

I THINK MY FRIEND
STICK IS SICK SO
I AM SICK TOO...
I WILL STAND WITH
MY FRIEND UNTILL
HE IS NOT SICK...



IF I SEE A MAN CREATURE
I WILL TALK TO HIS HEAD
BEFORE I PUNCH HOLES IN
IT...



I AM HERE
THINKIN
THAT IF A
TREE HAD
NOT THIS
LIMB I
WOULD
FALL...

I WILL KILL SOME
STUFF TODAY SO
MY STICK WILL BE
HAPPY...



TALK TO
ME YOU
STUPID ROCK...



SOME STUFF
IS AFTER
ME!!



I AM STUPID
AGAIN TODAY.

JOHN
BODE

HIP POGRATES

by Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld

LSD FREAKOUTS

I have written several times of the equivocal evidence linking LSD with chromosomal damage. Except for those who have set out to prove LSD is harmful, most researchers in psychopharmacology now believe there is little or no valid evidence to substantiate the much-reported chromosome aberration tales.

Now a report in the July 15th issue of the A.M.A. indicates that "psychotic" reactions following LSD use may occur largely in those with a previous history of psychiatric illness and hospitalization.

The authors, Drs. Heikman and Gershon, psychiatrists with the N.Y.U. School of Medicine, studied one out of five patients admitted to Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital over a six month period in 1967. Speaking of the psychiatric group of patients they say, "A striking feature, as with the marijuana and amphetamine groups, was the high percentage of pre-existing schizophrenia."

The authors then ask, "Are prolonged adverse psychotic reactions to the psychedelic drugs due to the drug per se, or are they in fact often due to the pre-existing psychiatric illness, other drug drug insults, plus the final insult of several LSD trips?"

Many investigators have noted that a large proportion of individuals with psychiatric illness have used drugs like LSD in an attempt at self-medication. Those who suffer adverse and prolonged reactions following LSD use, undoubtedly reflect this highly skewed population.

A curious fact, which may blow the minds of many, is that Czechoslovakia permits the use of LSD in psychotherapy. Czech psychiatrists have several LSD sessions, then administer the drug under supervision until they are convinced capable of conducting their own sessions. Many of the country's artists, writers and politicians have used LSD recently.

QUESTION: Can you explain why, at nude beaches like the one at San Georgia, California, the men don't seem to become sexually aroused?

I would love to go to a nude beach but my husband is reluctant and I suspect it's because he's afraid he'll have an erection. It shouldn't be embarrassing since I think an erection is the most attractive thing a man can wear. But he'd probably be more willing if he were sure he wouldn't get hard.

I have heard that this is no problem in nudist camps.

One of the nice things about being a woman is that you can get quite excited without its showing.

ANSWER: Women very quickly adjust to the sight of man in his natural state. None of us were born wearing clothes. The notion that the sight of a naked body is somehow evil is a pervasive, responsible for much unhappiness in our society. I received two letters recently which speak to this point better than I could. The first is from a small town in the mid-west:

"My half-brother, who is five years old, kept on begging to see my penis. I finally asked him why and he said, 'Because it's pretty.'"

He tried to see my cousin's penis also. This has some of the people in our family worried. He has done a few other things to make us believe he is homosexual.

Does this mean he is homosexual or is becoming homosexual? Is there anything we can do about it?"

The second letter is from Berkeley:

"I am an 11-year-old boy interested in seeing the female anatomy (sexual). Could you print pictures or photographs for my enlightenment and for others?"

Also, is it true that boys of my age want to see the female body?"

Many psychopathologists believe that children should not be allowed to see their parents' male bodies. That's bankrupt! The five-year-old boy had apparently not seen many adult male bodies and with the knowledge he would be an adult someday, wanted to see an adult penis which he considered "pretty". The housewife thought the same. Should the little boy think it ugly?"

I have several times considered illustrating my column with drawings or photographs for obviously words are but one way of communicating information.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o EVO, 105 Second Avenue, New York 10003.

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fascion

by Lita Elise



photos by Roseanne Rubinstein

Fashion is a look, and it descends on the unsuspecting in true dripulator fashion: from On High, from those beautiful people who have good p.r. men to make sure everybody else knows what they are wearing. Influence is great and depends on a couple of women lounging around with their designers. Consider that designers are often house guests, or pets, and double as escorts on nights when supposed partners have already split. The power of laughter from the only male around (by comparison) can be devastating. So fashion often derives from the taste of a few people who are continually tired of looking the same, bored as they are by and with themselves...

So they look around for inspiration.

There has been a granny look, a little girl look, the outdoorsy Katherine Hepburn esprit, the Hollywood movie-star look — there is even a male look, except very few ever get away with it really. The only groups left by now are the Periphery, that whole amorphous society maybe in another galaxy; at any rate, usually laughed at or policed at. People write plays and novels about them, do psychological misfunking studies...

Still, they are all that's left, those groups of people who, like the circus performers, have staved to themselves. Octopussy as the established society is getting to be, it has already drained most of the other groups: just look at little girls and grandmothers — they all look alike, except the younger ones wear ankle-lengths and the older ones wear thigh-highs...

Instead of letting all these weird freakies go to waste, why not just beat them at their own game . . . why not. Just remove the reality and polish off jagged-edged motivations, inundate the whole schtik under a flood of words . . . Rubber panties may never make it uptown, but even whips can be in if the right person carries them. Snap crackle and pop, the breakfast of champions!

In the middle of a bitching New York summer, while drip-dry mentholated maybe-mediation shifts are being offered everywhere (be one with Nehru!) stores are awakening to the necessity of ordering — and re-ordering — more leather. In the middle of July, "Now" means leather. All over Brutie Shoes, as they are cutely called, "with bulbiferous brush . . . tacked on antique hardware." Toes right off the football field, and the soles for Dr. Scholl's foot power must have quadrupled already.

De Pinna worries, "It's not easy finding a name for a new leather shop . . . a name that showed quality and yet had a groovy sound . . ." and came up with HIDE and SLEEK, which they shrug off as being just OK. Bernstein doesn't really believe it's happening, a fashion they did not start and are so anti-but if you take great, glopping words, shiny treasury-chest words, like "groovy-great!" and "groovy-great!" and "just-marvy!" and "awwww" someone might still think you were discussing ice cream sundaes and you're home safe, not one hair anywhere out of place.

At Saks and Lord & Taylor, they push all the right beach stuff for now, but there they are all a-row: leather vests, shifts, dresses and skirts — and in the very next compartment,

their vinylid-imitation half sisters at half price and selling very well (begun for the kiddies who cannot yet afford to buy their own and still don't know how to treat good leather, but vinyl is so much more American, don't you think; one step nearer to rubber panties for les Plastique — that's French for the Plastic family.)

The salesgirl says, "Oh they're selling just wonderfully! They're on back order, there's been such a demand!"

"Do your thing where all the action is this season. It's new! Powwow is leather!" Even the Indians get in on this — remember the dance of manhood — they'll probably offer that as the next party game to break-the-ice.

Nobody who started this thing really likes it, because it didn't get planned; it erupted this summer along with the other news of the week. Girls wanting to look like the girls boys look at is one thing; but girls wanting to look like girls who like to look like boys is another, whole different kind of mother. Maybe it's just that everybody subconsciously realizes that enough chain and leather is the safest survival costume you can wear this summer, able to turn back most of the lighter kinds of sniper bullets . . .



(Continued from Page 5)

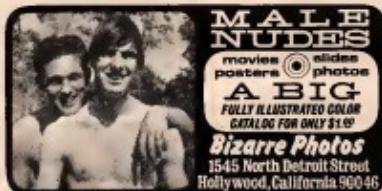
sped off towards Avenue A thru a gauntlet of fury. Then two gated cars sped thru the same course. A brick dropped from roof to top of finkside - GEDRAM! So the cars reached A & 11 and reversed back "to re-establish" authority, to show cops are not intimidated by bricks, bottles, & ceremonial hostility, and most pursue the goals of the pacification program.

I went downstairs. An old woman was crying; Her son wanted her to go inside. She wanted to go walking. Where? To find a priest. "Nobody is going to listen to the priest," the boy said. "Tomorrow is Sunday & the priest will talk on Sunday." The boy told me the cops "are fucking with Spanish people."



VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE
ORESESSE GETTING SOME SHORTER
ORESESSE GETTING SOME SHORTER
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CAN IT BE
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